



"BE THOU THE FIRST, OUR EFFORTS TO REFRIND.—HIS PRAISE IS LOST, WHO STAYS 'TILL ALL COMMEND."

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28, 1804.

NOVELIST.

THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER:

OR,
THE SCHOOL FOR LEVITY.

[Continued from Page 158.]

PAINFUL were the emotions of Francis upon the perusal of this letter; nor were they lessened when Mr. Evelyn, who soon after entered, thus addressed him:

"You are now, my dear nephew, prepared to hear that your unhappy father is no more: his wishes I shall consider sacred, even did not inclination second an act of justice. With your father's tide, his estates, also, become your's; and, as I know the heart of my Georgiana is your's, take, also, her hand:—she is an invaluable gift; and, I think, you know how to appreciate it as you should. Clatterton, I know, will readily resign her hand, when he knows her happiness is at stake; for his generous soul harbors no selfish thought; and, had I known the real object of her affection sooner, his generosity should have been spared the trial. But, Frank! you look dull:—what ails you, boy?"

Sad, indeed, were the thoughts of Francis!—His accession to wealth and title affected him little with pleasure; while recollection of the entanglement in which he was involved, must give him the appearance of deceit and ingratitude in the eyes of his benefactor. Georgiana, too!—the amiable, affectionate Georgiana!—first object of his instant attachment, from whom nothing but the strongest sense of honor could have torn his affection, was now offered to his acceptance; but, could he obtain her without still baser conduct?—he knew it to be impossible:—the imprudent, the romantic Matilda, must have justice done her; she had sacrificed all for him;—now was his hour arrived!

From these meditations he was roused by Mr. Evelyn, who, sportively, said—

"Come, come, Frank—I guess your scruples; but don't be cast down, boy!—I will assist you with Clatterton:—go—make a few calls on her, and we will then drive to where I have taken a lodging myself."

Francis, with very unlover-like steps, walked to the saloon, where Georgiana was at work; and, as any subject was to him more pleasant than that he was desired to chuse, he began to comment upon the drawings with which she had decorated the room. The subjects were various and well executed: one was concealed by a green silk curtain.

"May I undraw this mysterious veil?" asked Francis, touching it with his finger.

"I have no objection," she replied. "It hangs there as a memento of my violent cousin Clatterton's rage. The original has been guilty of an irreparable offence; and the poor production of my pencil has been defaced by his ungovernable resentment."

Sir Francis drew aside the curtain, and beheld, with an acclamation of astonishment, the portrait of Matilda.

Georgiana started from her chair—

"Francis you turn pale.—Do you know the unfortunate Matilda Clatterton?—Her base seducer—"

Francis could not speak:—he sunk on a chair; and big drops of agony fell from his eyes. Georgiana was inexpressibly alarmed; for his countenance assumed the livid hue of death; and she bathed his temples with hartshorn, almost despairing of reviving him. When he recovered, he pressed her hand in silent agony.

"Dear amiable friend, excuse me—I must leave this house directly:—when I return, all shall be explained.—Tell your father he must forgive me:—I will see him no more 'till all is cleared up. Pardon and forgive my distraction;—comfort and protect my poor mother."

He rushed wildly out of the house, in despite of all her efforts to detain him; and, taking a post chaise from the first inn, returned to ———.

Matilda flew enraptured to receive him; but her presence no longer afforded him delight.—In a moment of unmerited calamity we too frequently behold the authors of it, even if innocent, with abhorrence; such was the case with Sir Francis, who now regarded Matilda as a female seducer.—Her birth, her education, her situation in life, all conspired against her; and the unpardonable

levity of her conduct appeared to him in more glaring colours, as it threatened to involve him in disgrace and misery. He flung himself into a chair, and, with a look of sad meaning said, fixing his steadfast eye upon her—

"Matilda—you have made me a wretch!"

She seized his hand;—she bathed it with her tears.

"Edwards!—do you reproach me?"

Her accent and looks in a moment calmed his indignation.—He thought himself unjust, and softened his tone.

"Your fatal attachment has involved us all in trouble.—Oh! Matilda—could you not have spared me the pang of seducing the sister of my friend—my benefactor!"

It was Matilda's turn to be agitated; but concealing her emotion, she said—

"Is that all you rail for?—Simple man! you torment yourself without a cause:—tomorrow I shall be of age, and, then, all will be well."

"All will not be well!" replied Sir Francis. "Clatterton must know to-day; tomorrow will be too late."

"Will you then expose me?" asked Matilda, indignantly.

"Sooner may I perish!" exclaimed he, passionately.—No Matilda!—I am as proud as you:—still you shall find me honorable."

With these significant words he left her, dressed and went on parade, where he met Clatterton. He could not have chosen a more unpropitious hour, the young nobleman having just received a letter from Mr. Evelyn, not perfectly explanatory, but hinting a wish that he would relinquish his pretensions to the hand of Georgiana in favor of Francis.

"So," said Clatterton, as he approached, "you have made an important arrangement during your stay in town.—If I had not a great friendship for you, I should be tempted to shoot you through the head."

Sir Francis was, for a moment, silent; then, shaking off the horror that had seized him, replied—

"I am not here upon jesting business, my Lord:—when parade is over, walk with me, and I will explain."

Clatterton did so ; and, having reached a retired spot, Sir Francis again addressed him.—

"You have a sister, major?"

"Eternal curses upon her!" exclaimed Clatterton, vehemently: "she has dishonored her family—abused my friendship ;—but the villain that seduced her shall feel my vengeance!"

"I am the man!" cried Evelyn; while Clatterton receded a few paces in astonishment.

"Then you are a baser villain than imagination can suspect!"

"No matter," said Sir Francis, hastily: "here wreak your vengeance—I seduced Matilda."

He drew from his pocket two pistols, and presented one to Clatterton.

"By this parade of honor," said the major, "you seek to turn aside my wrath; but you are mistaken—the earth supports not such a monster of ingratitude!"

"Spare your abuse, my Lord," returned Francis; "I seek not to vindicate my conduct now.—You are armed; take aim."

Having retired to a proper distance, Clatterton fired; the ball entered the breast of Sir Francis: in a few moments he fell. A moment's reflection convinced the generous Clatterton that he had acted rashly:—he flew to the support of his still dear friend, and, with the assistance of some laborers, had him conveyed to his lodgings; nor could any consideration for himself induce him to leave his bed-side, though the surgeon of the regiment expressed apprehension of the wound being mortal.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

[The following idea of the formation of Woman, is extracted from a treatise, entitled, "Philosophia de l'Univers;" written by DUPONT DE NEMOURS. Perhaps a more eloquent and delightful description never came from the pen of man.]

W O M A N.

AMONG the plants, the flower which is destined to produce fruit, I have formed in the most agreeable and brilliant shape, and finished with the nicest skill. WOMAN shall be the flower of human kind.

Come to me all ye elements of beauty, of grace, virtue, sensibility, beneficence, and gentleness; combine and arrange yourselves to please and enchant. MAN I could form after my own image; for WOMAN I have no model, but in bright fancy.

Let her be the most perfect of visible creatures; and, if she can, the most happy. Let her heart beat with a livelier pulse than that of man. Let her live more in a less time, and yet that she may enjoy a longer

career, she shall be good and useful to her last moment. Let her bless three generations. Let her constitute the happiness of her lover, of her children, and even of her grand-children;—and, in each varying age, let the tenderness she inspires be mingled with respect. Let her delicate nerves convey to every sense, rapid affections. Let her slender foot be proper for the dance, and her white hand to bestow caresses. Let her forbear to employ them profusely in the swift course, and in labors too severe. Let her elegant form and round limbs, display and inspire temptation in all their movements. Let them be covered with soft satin, not to be touched without inflaming the daring hand. Let her fine eyes be the mirror of her soul, in which the observer shall read an indulgent and affecting kindness: even while she drops them on the ground. Let them betray her secret wishes. Let her breath diffuse the perfumes of the peach. Let the gentle down be spread upon her cheeks. Let them be coloured by an expressive vermillion, which, in the emotions of a tender, though ingenious shame, shall diffuse, even over her brow, modesty. Let her enchanting bosom represent the celestial globes, of which a rose-bud shall form the magnetic pole. Let it offer to desire its first enjoyment—its first nourishment to infancy; and, let man remain in doubt whether it has most contributed to the happiness of the father or of the son. Let her long ringlets, flowing and yet bound, serve at once to so many charms as the veil and ornament. Let them be the shelter of the new-born infant; and, when chance, but more when affection divide them, let the lover feel, as if along with them, the heavens were opened.

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TO THE EDITOR OF "THE HIVE."
SIR,

THE following beautiful description of a ROSE, extracted from an author of the 19th century, I have no doubt will amuse many of your readers, and its insertion will oblige your's, &c.

A BOOK-WORM.

"I have seen a Rose newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and at first it was fair in the morning, and full with the due of heaven as a lamb's fleece; but when a ruder breath had forced open its virgin modesty, and dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness, and to recline to softness, and the symptoms of a sickly age; it bowed the head, and broke its stalk; and at night, having lost some of its leaves and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and outworn faces."

APHORISMS.

Advice should fall as the dew, not overwhelm as the shower.

Believe things rather than men.

Nothing is permanent but the truth, and nothing consistent but sincerity.

MR. M'DOWELL,

The following remarkable anecdote, selected from the life of FREDERICK BARON TRENCK, will, I presume, be very acceptable to the generality of your readers. You will, therefore, give it a place in your number, and oblige

K.

THE MOUSE.

AFTER reciting his various projects of escape, and the impatience with which he waited for the opportunity, the Baron then proceeds:

"My time hung very heavy. Every thing was carefully examined on the change of the garrison. A still stricter scrutiny might occur, and my projects of escape be discovered. This had nearly been effected by the following very singular accident: I had two years before so tamed a mouse, that it would play round me, and eat from my mouth. This intelligent mouse had nearly been my ruin. I had diverted myself with it during the night; it had been nibbling at my door, and capering on a trencher. The centinels happening to hear our amusement, called the officers; they heard it also, and added all was not right in my dungeon. At day break, my doors resounded; the tower major, a smith, and mason entered: strict search was begun; flooring, walls, chains, and my own person, were all scrutinized, but in vain; they asked what was the noise they had heard? I mentioned the mouse, whistled, and it came and jumped upon my shoulder. Orders were given that I should be deprived of its society; I earnestly entreated they would at least spare its life; the officer on guard gave me his word of honor, that he would present it to a lady who would treat it with the utmost tenderness.

"He took it away and turned it loose in the guard-room; but it was tame to me alone, and sought a hiding place. It had fled to my prison door, and, at the hour of visitation, ran into my dungeon, immediately testifying its joy by its antic leaping between my legs. It is worth remarking, that it had been taken away blindfolded, that is to say wrapped in a handkerchief. The guard-room was a hundred paces from my dungeon. How then did it find its master? Had it remarked the doors were daily opened?

"All were desirous of obtaining this mouse, but the major carried it off for his lady; she put it into a cage, where it pined, refused all sustenance, and, in a few days, was found dead.

"The loss of this little companion made me, for some time, quite melancholy; yet, on the last examination, I perceived it had so eaten away the bread, by which I had concealed the crevices I had made in cutting the door, that the examiners must be all but blind not to discover them: and I was convinced that my faithful little friend had fallen a necessary victim to its master's safety.

THE SEVEN SLEEPERS.

LONG the insipid legends of Ecclesiastical History, I am tempted to distinguish the memorable fable of *The Seven Sleepers*; an imaginary date corresponds with the reign of the younger Theodosius, and the flight of the Vandals. When the emperor Decius persecuted the Christians, seven noble youths of Ephesus concealed themselves in a spacious cavern, on the side of an adjacent mountain; where they were doomed to perish by the tyrant; but he gave orders that the entrance should be secured with a pile of stones. They immediately fell into a deep slumber, which miraculously prolonged, without injury to the powers of life, during a period of three hundred and eighty-seven years. At the end of that time, the slaves of Adolus, from the inheritance of the mountain descended, removed the stones, to supply materials for some rustic edifice. The beams of the sun darted into the cavern, and the seven Sleepers were permitted to awake. For a slumber, as they thought, of a few years, they were pressed by the calls of hunger; and resolved that Jamblichus, one of their number, should secretly return to the world to purchase bread for the use of his companions. The youth (if we may still employ that appellation) could no longer recognize the once familiar aspect of his native country; and his surprise was increased by the appearance of a large cross triumphantly erected over the principal gate of Ephesus. His singular dress and obsolete language confounded the baker, to whom he presented an ancient medal of Decius, as the current coin of the empire; and Jamblichus, under the suspicion of a secret treasure, was seized before the judge. Their mutual inquiries produced the amazing discovery, that two centuries were almost elapsed since Jamblichus and his friends had escaped from the rage of a Pagan tyrant. The bishop of Ephesus, the clergy, the magistrates, the people, and, it is said, the emperor Theodosius himself, hastened to visit the cavern of the Seven Sleepers; who bestowed their benediction, related their story, and at the same instant peaceably expired.

"This popular tale," Mr. Gibbon adds, "Mahomet learned when he drove his caravans to the fairs of Syria; and he has introduced it, as a divine revelation, into the Koran."—The same story has been adopted and adorned by the nations from Bengal to Africa, who profess the Mahometan religion." [Curiosities of Literature.

HISTORICAL MEMORANDUM.

LADY JANE GREY, the amiable victim of envy and ambition, was endowed with solidity of understanding, and quickness of perception, scarcely to be equalled either in

ancient or modern history; yet whilst her mind was deeply engaged in researches after theological and metaphysical knowledge, her attention was peculiarly directed towards the acquiring those graces so essential to the adorning a female character:—to a beautiful face, and lovely form, was united a sweetness that captivated, and an elegance that charmed; and she was so perfectly mistress of the rules of politeness, that she never deviated from them by any accident. To her superiors she was respectful; to her equals courteous; and to her inferiors mildly gentle, and sweetly condescending; in short, she was one of those characters that are held up to posterity, to prove the existence of virtue, and the possibility of perfection.

[Naturalists pretend that animals and birds, as well as "knotted oaks," as Congreve informs us, are exquisitely sensible to the charms of music. The following story may serve as an instance.]

MUSICAL ANECDOTE.

AN officer in France having spoken somewhat too freely of the minister Louvois, was, as once was the custom, immediately consigned to the Bastille. He requested the government to permit him the use of his lute, to soften, by the harmony of his instrument, the rigors of his prison. At the end of a few days, this modern Orpheus, playing on his lute, was greatly astonished to see frisking out of their holes, great numbers of mice; and, descending from their wooden habitations, crowds of spiders, who formed a circle about him, while he continued his soul-subduing instrument. His surprise was at first so great, that he was petrified with astonishment, when, having ceased to play, the assembly, who did not come to see his person, but to hear his instrument, immediately broke up. As he had a great dislike to spiders, it was two days before he ventured again to touch his instrument. At length having conquered, for the novelty of his company, his dislike of them, he recommenced his concert, when the assembly was by far more numerous than at first; and in the course of some time, he found himself surrounded by a hundred musical amateurs. Having thus succeeded in attracting their company, he treacherously contrived to get rid of them at his will. For this purpose he begged the keeper to give him a cat, which he put into a cage, and let loose at the very instant when the little hairy people were most entranced by the Orphean skill he displayed.

MERCY RECOMMENDED.

MY uncle Toby was a man patient of injuries—not from want of courage;—where just occasions presented, or called it forth, I know no man under whose arm I would sooner have taken shelter; nor did this arise from any insensibility or obtuseness of his

intellectual parts; he was of a peaceful, placid nature; no jarring element in it: all was mixed up so kindly within him—my uncle Toby had scarce a heart to retaliate upon a fly.—Go, says he, one day at dinner, to an overgrown one, which had buzzed about his nose, and tormented him most cruelly all dinner-time—and which, after infinite attempts, he had caught at last, as it flew by him;—I'll not hurt thee, says my uncle Toby, rising from his chair, and going across the room, with the fly in his hand—I'll not hurt a hair of thy head: Go, says he, lifting up the sash, and opening his hand as he spoke, to let it escape,—go, poor devil—get thee gone—why should I hurt thee? This world, surely is large enough to hold both thee and me. [STERNE.

This is to serve both parents and governors, instead of a whole volume on the subject.

A FABLE FROM THE ITALIAN.

The Rose and the Jessamine affected to complain of the Oak as a nuisance, and fancied that Nature ought not to have created Roses and Jessamines.

THE noble tree, shaking the majestic honors of its head, thus answered the arrogant and querulous complainants:—Cease, trifling impertinents, cease your frivolous cackle about merits which probably will not last until to-morrow: As for my part, I have seen so many of you die and be forgotten on this charming spot, that ye hardly seem to me alive at all—ye ornaments which might well be dispensed with;—ye whom the gardener himself scarce bestows a thought upon whilst he is at work. I, on the contrary, both when the thick falling hail batters round, and when the summer sun scorches every thing that it comes near, yield an agreeable shelter to the shepherd and all his flock!—lo, hundred and hundreds of years have already passed by, since the hungry herds were first fed with the useful nourishment that falls from me; nor will despair possess me, when the loss of my leafy honors and the drying up of the vital juices within me, shall announce that my end is near; for I know that after that limit, I am destined to plow that ocean so terrible to every thing else, and return charged with foreign treasures to these dear shores. Lesbian, half-witted, red-heeled, perfumed, silly Lesbian, proud of a fine coat alone, and despising men of sense who have it not; canst thou not see thy own semblance lively portrayed in my flowers? But thou shalt see it soon, for the same fates are waiting thee to thy home.

POLEMIC SOCIETY.

THE Members of the Lancaster Polemic Society are requested to be punctual in their attendance, on Saturday evening next, at Mr. M-Cullouch's School-room, as business claiming their attendance and meriting their attention will be laid before them.

POETRY.

FOR THE HIVE.

LYDIA.

LYDIA, by Nature, was endow'd with charms,
That in each pensive bosom rais'd alarms :
Whilst youth and innocence untought in arts,
Became resistless but to callous hearts.

Arm'd in virtue—true to the youth alone,
By whose persuasive powers her heart was won :
Bound in the fetters of the God of Love,
Strong as the adamant chain of Jove.

In rural scenes her youthful days were spent,
(Whilst soft'ning others wees) with calm content :
From cot to cot with anxious care she sought
The poor, to add some blessing to their lot.

When Hymen's torch burnt with effulgence bright,
And each succeeding day, brought new delight,
The cup of bliss was full : Death's mandate given,
Her spotless soul return'd again to heaven. P.

THE TEAR.

ON beds of snow the moon-beam slept,
And chilly was the midnight gloom ;
When by the damp grove ELLEN wept,
Sweet maid ! it was her lover's tomb.

A warm tear gush'd—the wintry air
Congeal'd it, as it flow'd away ;
All night it lay an ice drop there,
At morn, it glitter'd in the ray.

An angel, wandering from the sphere,
Who saw this bright, this frozen gem,
To dew-ey'd Pity brought the tear,
And hung it on her diadem.

COMMUNICATED FOR THE HIVE.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

Curs'd be the man whose heart unmov'd can hear
Vile insult sneaking in his treach'rous ear :
Wretches descanting, with malicious mind,
The venial errors, natural to mankind ;
With greedy thirst the injurious tale devour,
And vent the lie, appointed for the hour.
But doubly curs'd, who hears with patient soul,
The strains of calumny and slander roll.—
Haste, generous rage ! with manly zeal defend,
The insulted virtues of an absent friend ;
Hail to their teeth discharge the avenging flame,
Resound his goodness and enlarge his fame ;
Him from the frowns of scorn indignant free,
The stroke that wounds thy friend is aim'd at thee.
This strong exertion—this expanded fire,
Friendship demands, and friendship will inspire :
Even kindling nature, would impatient spring,
To shield a stranger from the viper sting. K.

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

L'AN ; OR, THE YEAR.

Immortalia ne speres, non est annus....HORACE.

JANUARY.

LO ! my fair, the morning lazy
Peeps abroad from yonder hill ;
Phœbus rises red and hazy ;
Frost has stopp'd the village mill.

FEBRUARY.

All around looks sad and dreary ;
Fast the flaky snow descends :
Yet the red-brest chirups cheary,
While the mitten'd lass attends.

MARCH.

Rise the winds and rocks the cottage,
Thaws the roof and wets the path ;
Dorcas cooks the savory pottage—
Smokes the cake upon the hearth.

APRIL.

Sunshine intermits with arder—
Shades fly swiftly o'er the fields—
Showers revive the drooping verdure,
Sweets the sunny upland yields.

MAY.

Pearly beams the eye of morning ;
Child ! forbear the deed unblest'd !
Hawthorn every hedge adorning,
Pluck the flowers—but spare the nest.

JUNE.

School boys in the brook disporting,
Spend the sultry hour of play ;
While the nymphs and swains are courting,
Seated on the new-made hay.

JULY.

Maids with each a guardian lover,
While the livid lightning flies,
Hastening to the nearest cover,
Clasp their hands before their eyes.

AUGUST.

See the reapers, gleaners, dining,
Seated on the shady grass !
O'er the gate the 'squire declining,
Wanton, eyes each ruddy lass.

SEPTEMBER.

Hark ! a sound like distant thunder,
Murderer, may thy malice fail !
Torn from all thy love assunder,
Widow'd birds around us wail.

OCTOBER.

Now Pomona pours her treasure,
Leaves autumnal strew the ground ;
Plenty crowns the market measure,
While the mill runs briskly round.

NOVEMBER.

Now the giddy rites of Comus,
Crown the hunter's dear delight ;
Ah ! the year is flitting from us—
Bleak the day, and drear the night,

DECEMBER.

Bring more wood, and set the glasses ;
Join, my friends, our Christmas cheer ;
Come, a catch !—and kiss the lasses—
Christmas comes but once a year.

A M U S I N G

IRISH SPECTACLES.

THE late General B——, going to Ireland, on some extraordinary business would not permit the incumbrance of tinuë, stopped to dine at an inn on the ter road, and ordered a pair of ducks he saw ready at the kitchen fire, up table. The general's desire had been complied with, when some country came in, hungry as hawks, after a more sport. They eagerly inquired what had to eat ? Like a true boniface, the lord enumerated what he had not, to gize for what he had ; and among things, mentioned the ducks, which been only a moment before served up Irish gentleman's dinner.—“ Irish man,” gibingly exclaimed one of the grined group ; “ d—n me !—I'll lay five, the fellow does not know B from foot. Here, waiter, take my watch to the jontleman and present my compliments to him, and request him to tell me o'clock it is.”

The general heard the message, took watch, and with great temper returned respects, with an assurance, that as soon he had dined, he would endeavor to satisfy the inquiry. The bucks, chuckling at embarrassment they imagined the ignorant Irishman was led into, sat down to reg themselves on whatever they could get, their jollity was presently disturbed by entrance of a military figure, who, with politeness which is the peculiar characteristic of the army, advanced towards the where they were seated, and presenting watch—“ Gentlemen,” said he, “ I was know its owner, as from a message a me a little time ago, I presume he is sighted, and have brought him this pair spectacles, (pointing to a case of large p tols he held under his arm) to remedy defect.” The joke was gone—the bucks were silent. The general deliberately put the watch into his fob, with a declaration that secured it to him forever. “ Gentlemen, I am sorry for intruding, as I find the owner is not among you, whenever he claims it, he shall have it, but never without a pair of the spectacles.

TERMS OF THE HIVE.

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